

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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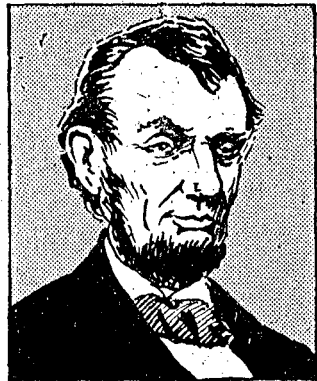
POSTAGE
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**With Malice Toward None
With Charity For All**

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

Abraham Lincoln



NEVER DID SO MUCH DEPEND ON SO MANY

TOUCHING the little switch which has transformed the lives of men in our own time, these words came out of space the other day—

Today we are actors in the most thrilling drama the world has ever seen; Tomorrow we shall be in the history books.

It is dramatic, surely, that the world has brought us into days like these, when such a great idea is flashed into a million homes across the ether; but momentous it is that the words are true and that you and I and every one of us are marching into the history books.

The Great Ordinary People

It is this that we must understand, the fact that for the first time in history the life of the ordinary people of the world is the decisive factor in its destinies. What we call morale, the character of the whole nation, has become the determining factor in the war. It is not whether Hitler can burn down London, or destroy Coventry, or devastate a harbour or a city, that matters in the end; it is whether he can break down the spirit of our people. It is not by military strategy that he hopes to win the war, but by assassin's blows, by lies that will deceive the people, by tricks that will confuse them, by treacheries and cheatings that will break into our solid human wall of resistance and bring us clattering down. If the Island has become in these terrible months the admiration of the world it is because of something that must have been a great surprise to many who thought our people were losing their mettle.

LIFE in the last two generations has been passing through vast changes in our Island. We need only change one word in Tennyson and we have in a nutshell what has seemed to many staid students the keynote of a great change for the worse in our national character:

*And the individual withers,
and the State is more and more.*

The State has been doing more and more for us all. Even men not old have lived to see our national expenditure grow from 200 millions to 1000 millions. They have seen the Government spending twice as much as the National Budget of their youth on doing things for the people which were then undreamed of, educating them, pensioning them, feeding them, doctoring them, housing them, entertaining them. The old Chartists who startled Queen Victoria by their demands would have jumped over the moon to think of the things our governments do today.

ALL this, it was said, would be the ruin of our people, for they would come to rely on the Government doing for them the things every one of us should do for ourselves. We may pat ourselves on the back a little, for we have not been ruined, and the character of our people is, as far as we can see, still sound. They will take what comes and will not flinch.

Patriotism is Not Enough

And yet so great is the faith we have built up in our machine of government that it is hard to open the eyes of millions of ordinary folk to the peril in which they stand. It has always been so. The great barrier in the way of all reformers has been the indifference of good people everywhere, the good folk who leave it to others, or the neutrals who do not care. Hitler, in planning to overturn

the world, relied on the indifference of the ordinary man; Democracy, in overturning Hitler, must win the enthusiasm of the ordinary man or must fail.

APPROVAL is not enough. Support is not enough. Patriotism is not enough. It is only the spirit of the crusader, the spirit of sacrifice that will give up all if need be, that will bring down the overwhelming forces that are against us. Never were such forces as ours, our unparalleled legions of land, air, and sea, but without our strength behind them they are vain. Eight years of preparation the German people have put into the Nazi fighting machine; not yet for an hour have we been deprived of anything our body needs.

WE think of America and wish she would be quicker, but not yet have we reached the peak of our own preparedness. Not yet have we stopped the bungling over coal, the wasting of land and food and petrol, and the extravagance of those who do not care. It is in England, and not in America, that a house with 13 servants for four people advertised the other day for a second footman. It is here that millions of people are fooling away money on gambling pools. It is here that sugar badly needed by our people is being used for adding to stocks of whisky big enough to last for years. It is here that we turn bread into beer. It is here that Ministers of the Crown ride in high-powered cars when they could ride with dignity on half the petrol. It is here that we pay men for being idle when there are thousands of rubbish heaps to clear away. Are we so much quicker than America in getting our wheels to go round?

Spend Less and Save More

All that, we may say, is for the Government; but there are vital things that we decide ourselves, we, the common people of these islands. We decide whether we can live more simply, whether we will ration ourselves instead of waiting for the Food Controller. It is we who determine whether we save our money or spend it. If we eat a little less we reinforce the Navy, which is in sore need of more ships. If we save our money we reinforce the economic base on which the whole structure of victory depends. Just because it is so simple people find it hard to believe, yet the truth is that every pound we lend the Government not only makes the pound itself much more secure but helps to shorten the war. If all the extra earnings of our people were fooled away in gambling pools or spent on luxuries no man can exaggerate the ruin that would befall us; if they are lent to the Government they are safe for peace time and help to hasten Peace, when we can spend as we will.

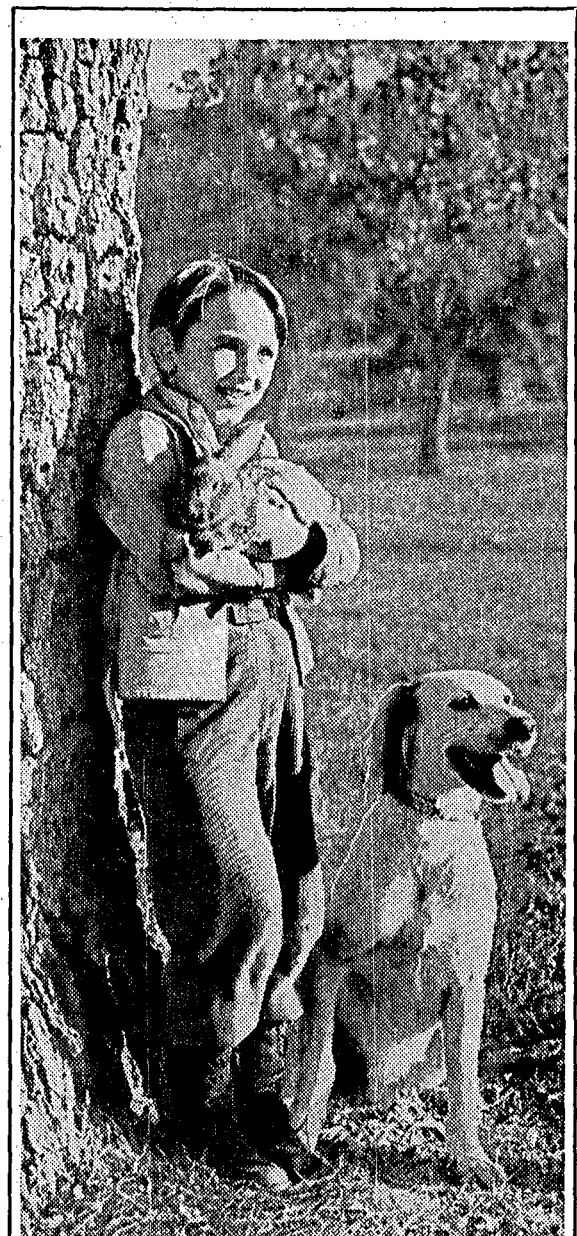
And yet the Government has to beg a thousand times that our people will save their extra wages, has to whip us up with War Weapons Weeks and constant appeals to do what common sense should do. No praise is too great for the good work of Lord Kindersley and the great success of his crusade, yet who would imagine that so much work need be done to stir up people to make their savings safe and save their freedom too? Hitler has squeezed the German people dry as we squeeze an orange; our governments ask of us and beg of us because we are too free to be dictated to.

So it is that every one of us, however humble or aloof we may seem, is an effective soldier in the war. Our spirit and our possessions count.

The nation needs them all. It needs our sacrifice, every economy we can control; it needs our money, every shilling we can save. It is true that half-a-crown put into the Post Office Savings Bank is helping to stop the bombs. Spend less and save more is the wisest counsel we can give ourselves, and nothing less will do if we cherish our freedom and mean to keep it.

We must be willing to live hard. We must be content to go without. We must not expect an easy life. We must be glad to lend our money as readily as others give their lives. We must say to ourselves that we will not be anybody's burden, that we will lighten the load of our fighting men by giving or lending all we have. If it is true that in the past our governments have done too much for us, the time has come when we can give the nation all we have and are, knowing that every shilling we lend it, every ounce of strength we give it, every sacrifice we make for it, counts in the scale. Never in the history of human affairs did so much depend on so many.

Arthur Mee



THIS SUNNY WORLD

LITTLE NEWS REEL

LANCASHIRE has 500 rest centres established, mostly at Sunday Schools.

The Gardeners Association at Callington with 101 members is looking after the allotments of local men serving with the Forces.

Chester Education Committee has arranged for all its schools to have free admittance to the Chester Zoo; we hear that the animals are all now fed on waste foods.

One of the most rapidly developing institutions in America has been a life insurance company for Negroes, which has now over 200,000 policy-holders, the policies valued at more than £10,000,000.

A memorial to two Negro servants has been set up at Greensborough in North Carolina; it is a three-storey building to be used by the 12,000 Negroes in the city as a Y M C A.

Margaret Waterton, of Potten End School, Berkhamsted, has made £9 for a Spitfire Fund by raffling onions and has received a letter from Lord Beaverbrook.

A Yorkshire reader tells us that two men climbed a tree by means of a ladder to set free a sparrow caught fast by a piece of string, and though the ladder was too short the movement agitated the bird so that the string was broken and it was able to fly away.

The inside of a grand piano was dug out of wreckage in a bombed town; and as every wire and ivory key was undamaged one of the squad entertained his mates by playing on it during the lull hour.

BRAZIL has ordered all publications edited there in any other language but Portuguese to appear in that language within six months or cease publication.

Forty schoolgirls at Great Yarmouth have taken an allotment to grow enough vegetables for their own families.

It is notable that the Post Office profit shows a reduction of £3,825,000 on the previous year, to take postal business alone.

If any C N reader knows a poem or a recitation called The Dying Miner the Editor would be grateful for a copy of it.

The 55,000th pair of binoculars received by Lord Derby was from the hands of a Polish officer; they had been taken from the body of a German officer in Poland.

Scout and Guide News Reel

AUSTRALIAN Scouts in Queensland have made 500 articles for the Red Cross, including deck chairs, bed rests, trays, crutches, and walking-sticks.

Sea Scouts Joseph and Edward Caver, 13-year-old twins who have received Gallantry Certificates, seem to make rescuing a habit; on his birthday Joseph saved a boy from drowning, a few days later Edward rescued a boy, and a year ago Edward saved another boy at the same dangerous spot.

The Scout Carry-On slogan has been put to severe test in some areas;

A Great Man's Last Thought

THE whole scientific world, and millions of people beyond its bounds, has been saddened by the tragic fate of Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of Insulin and therefore the benefactor of all who suffer from diabetes.

Dr Banting was engaged in important war work and was killed in an air crash in Newfoundland when on his way to England.

There will be no High Court judge sitting at the Old Bailey sessions in the present calendar, there being no cases of the kind reserved for High Court judges. This is the first time within living memory.

THE British Sailors Society has now taken under its wing the work of the National Sailors Society, a step forward which we are sure will add greatly to the comfort of our seamen in hundreds of places.



These twin daughters of Flight-Sergeant C. A. Saunders went with their father to receive his Distinguished Flying Medal from the King at Buckingham Palace the other day

On an average one life has been saved in every four hours by the lifeboatmen since the war began.

The secretary of the Charing Cross Hospital has received an anonymous gift of £100, and £75 and £100 have been left at St Thomas's Hospital by two unknown people.

One of the best-selling brooches among American girls is a small gilt R A F badge consisting of pilot's wings and the initials of the British War Relief Society.

Miss Clara Grant acknowledges £1 from an unknown old lady who reads the C N.

To enable industry to make the most of its resources, firms engaged on less essential production are being asked to pool their resources so as to free labour and factory space for national needs, and ensure that no time, materials, and machinery are wasted for the duration of the war.

Popping his head inside a Yorkshire sweet-shop, a little boy called out, "Got any empty boxes, Mister?" "Ah, lad," came the reply, "Tak' the till."

The Government has decided to increase Summer Time by an hour from May 3 to August 9, thus gaining a hundred hours of daylight for vital war work.

one troop has been bombed three times, but each time has found new Headquarters and is planning its Easter Camp as usual.

THE Guides of New South Wales have sent about 4000 garments for distribution among air raid victims and evacuees.

Company Leader Winnie Johnson of New Southgate Guides has been awarded the Silver Cross for rescuing a child from the path of a runaway horse and bringing the animal under control; in spite of a fractured right arm which had been broken a fortnight earlier.

After the crash, before he left the ruined plane, the doctor bandaged the injuries of the pilot, Captain Mackey. It was the last thing he did in this world, and it was not till he had done all he could, as a doctor and a man, that he left the plane to die on a bed made of broken branches from the tree into which the plane had crashed.

The Planning of a Better Land

IT IS ON THE WAY

It is good to know that Lord Reith is looking forward with confidence to the rebuilding of London, and that some of our most distinguished architects and planners are devoting themselves to this aspect of the Peace. More and more do we believe that out of all the evil of the bombing good will come.

Lord Reith's Department is in close consultation with the replanners of three great cities which are to be in some way regarded as models—Coventry, Bristol, and Birmingham—and Coventry (which has taken its battering in a noble spirit and with courage unsurpassed) has agreed to accept the great idea of its civic architect, Mr D. E. Gibson. The plan provides for roads radiating from a common centre to relieve traffic congestion, and for historic buildings, together with the cathedral ruins, to be preserved as features in open spaces and gardens.

A Vision of Splendour

It is a vision of splendour that we see growing out of the ruin of these times, and all planning experts are delighted to know that Lord Reith intends to stop all speculation in land which would hold up the proper development of our reconstructed towns and cities. No gambler will be allowed to buy land cheap today and sell it to the nation tomorrow at a great price.

In the House of Lords, which discussed this question on the motion of Lord Samuel, the Earl of Cork made a suggestion which we very much hope will be considered. It is one of the unspectacular aspects of the matter yet none the less of vital importance to the efficiency of the home and the comfort of our people. The suggestion is that municipalities should promote cleanliness and ensure the warmth of our houses by supplying hot water on tap to every home. It may sound a wild idea to the dull brain, but it is one of the soundest and wisest ideas that have ever been suggested, and there is nothing impossible in it. It should be done, and will be done if we are in earnest about the making of a better country and a happier people.

HOME FROM TRISTAN

Our friend the Revd Harold Wilde, the much beloved chaplain at Tristan da Cunha, has been able to leave the island and become a chaplain in the Navy. He brought home with him a parcel containing 24 pullovers, 24 pairs of socks, 24 pairs of mittens, and 24 scarves, the gift of the islanders to the Red Cross.

THINGS SEEN

Iceicles ten inches long projecting from frozen blades of grass on Shining Tor near Buxton?

Good timber thrown on to a bonfire in the City of London.

A cat at Bruntisland enjoying lunch hour in a window full of sausages, margarine, meat pies, and a dish of lentils.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FAR EAST

No country, however remote it may lie from the tremendous world happenings of today, is escaping from the upheaval set in train by the Nazis.

Already the placid lands whose torrid shores are washed by the Pacific, and little coral islands almost swallowed up in the immensity of that vast ocean, are adding their names to the news, and happy is he to whom the atlas is a familiar friend.

Many of us have been mystified, for example, at the complications which have arisen in the relations between Siam (or Thailand), and French Indo-China, which separates it from China. Thailand has undergone much development this century, sharing with her neighbours (Burma and Malaya) that increasing trade in tin, rubber, teak, and other products of tropical forests which have meant so much to the civilisation of more temperate countries.

The Free People

A few years ago a new spirit symbolical of their country's name (it means Free People) took shape in a revolution which brought a little boy to the throne of Thailand as a constitutional instead of an absolute monarch. Ananda Mahidol by name, he has been guided mainly by a strong minister, Luang Songgram, who is not only President of the State Council but combines the offices of Defence, Foreign Affairs, and the Interior.

By denouncing all her treaties with foreign powers and forthwith concluding new ones, Thailand acquired a status she had not previously held, our country for one ratifying a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with her three years ago. Britain followed this up with a non-aggression pact last June, but France's signature, obtained at the same time, was not so well-

come to the proud Thai people, who first wished that the French should modify certain frontiers established at the beginning of the century.

Now, France, acquired most of Indo-China soon after the middle of the 19th century, Annam and Cochinchina being called States and Cambodia (nearest to Bangkok, the unrivalled city of Thailand), Tonking, and Laos being called Protectorates, French Residents advising the native rulers and encouraging progress.

Japan as a Big Bully

Thai claimed part of Cambodia and Luang-Prabang, the forest province on her north-east border, and the dispute led to fighting by land and air.

The conflict gave an opening to the Japanese, who, having signed a Treaty of Friendship as being, they said, more appropriate than one of non-aggression, offered themselves as mediators. As builders of the new ships of war for Thailand, and as rivals with the British for the growing trade of Bangkok (a modern city of nearly 700,000 inhabitants at the top of that long narrow peninsula whose foot is guarded by Singapore) the Japanese were not slow to seize a chance of coming in as a big bully, and her presence here bodes no good to these regions of vast undeveloped wealth.

But the Vichy Government, overwhelmed with difficulties, has had to give way and Siam will have put her faith in a treacherous breaker of peace, whose real aim is, of course, Singapore, the gate of the Pacific.

On our part we have not been blind to this crafty move of the Japs, but have mined our seaways and manned our approaches so that no surprise shall thrust us from those Malay States whose loyal Rajahs are supporting us without stint.

The Sailors Palace to the Rescue

WE told the story not long ago of a sailor who arrived in Canada with a £10 note and could not get a meal, and it is good to know that an end has come to that state of things.

The news that this was happening reached the British Sailors Society at the Sailors Palace in Commercial Road, and as it has more than 50 Hostels and Rests for sailors the news was a little disturbing. It was a stupid situation that had come about, for a seaman

sailing to Canada from England was prevented by regulations from taking out dollars with him, and on his arrival was prevented by regulations from changing his English money into dollars.

So are we governed—sometimes, but we are glad to say that the British Sailors Society persuaded the Government Departments to deal with the situation instantly, so that now any seaman sailing to Canada can have in his pocket at least £10 to spend in the great Dominion.

LAUGHING IT OFF

The brisk hardworking little woman who ekes out the resources of her growing family by coming in to help in the house of one of our friends in London arrived late the other morning. It was not owing to the bus, which brings her from another district much visited by Nazi bombing, but to something more serious. "Last night," she explained, "there was another of them. There was three houses not far from us blown up, and all our windows were blown in. We were all rolled about by the blast. We couldn't help laughing."

It All Depends on the Dockers

The State is to become the direct employer of all dock labour at Liverpool and ten other ports in the hope of quickening up the turning-round of ships. If a 40% improvement can be effected in getting ships on their voyage again it will be a tremendous help in fighting the submarine menace, and every docker knows that he is one of the pillars of strength in the fight for human freedom.

Town Child and Country Child

OBSERVATION shows that the recent improvements of agricultural wages and other factors are giving the rural child great advantages over the town child.

A correspondent who is a man of keen observation states that a large number of town children have been evacuated to his neighbourhood and he finds them "far below the standard of country children in health, nutrition, cleanliness, clothing, manners, and education." One of our country school teachers

thinks the education of country children gains by the fact that there are fewer children in a class in country schools, but we think it is largely that Nature teaches the country child much that the town child misses.

It is notable in many cases how evacuated town children have improved in every respect through country life. There will be a great opportunity after the war to promote the spread of the population over wider and healthier areas.

FREED

Stoats do not always succeed when they attack rabbits, as a friend of the C.N. saw in the Goyt Valley near Buxton the other day. A stoat suddenly attacked a rabbit, and it looked as if poor bunny was doomed. Then, just as suddenly, a strange thing happened. Five rabbits appeared as if from nowhere. One jumped on to the struggling stoat and succeeded in releasing the rabbit, which shot away with all the others.

A Slight Depression in the Choir

A NORWICH clergyman has been telling his friends of the National Council of Women that singing tends to be flat there, not in quality but in pitch, and he thinks the fault is due to the air of the neighbourhood.

Choristers and choirmasters elsewhere can assure him that the trouble is not peculiar to East Anglia. In the moist, chilly atmosphere of a church at morning service singers, no matter how well trained, no matter how good their ear, do

tend to sing a little flat when there is no organ.

One fine choir, which had a very musical vicar who afterwards became a bishop, was habitually guilty of the offence and would sink a full tone during the Litany; but their music-loving, mellow-voiced vicar was the worst of all, and many were the rueful glances he and the choristers would exchange when the organist finally sounded the chord, and revealed the depth of their fall from true pitch.

LOST SANCTUARY

News we hear on the wireless of Texel, the sandy island off the coast of Holland near the Zuider Zee, makes it only too clear that it is no longer a bird sanctuary, nor a sanctuary of any kind.

Till the war desolated it the place had a curious link with England, for it was the breeding-ground of many birds that used to breed on the English coast and still come back to it in summer. Among those which usually nested on Texel were the ruffs and reeves, the Kentish plover, the black tern, the blue-headed wagtail, and the Montagu and marsh harriers, now occasionally sighted on Wicken Fen. Let us hope that their ancient peace will be restored to them.

A WOMAN'S WAY

The Soviet oil-tanker Embac of nearly 8000 tons has a woman for captain and a crew almost entirely of women. She makes regular sailings across the Caspian Sea, Maria Bryzgalova, who is 25, on the bridge. The boatswain is only 19, and the second engineer is a woman.

A WORD WITH THE EGGS

In a case of eggs sent from the Argentine to Manchester has been found a slip of paper with this message to the British people:

The world looks upon you with admiration. We, the free men of the world, share the fate of the suffering and heroic British people, so admirable in their courageous resistance to the enemy. May God bless and protect you.

THE PRIME MINISTER CALLS

All the civilised world hopes the British Empire will win this war.

From a spot as lonely as the village of Sharjah, on the coast of the Oman Peninsula in the Persian Gulf, comes the story of a venerable Arab walking into the office of British Overseas Airways, explaining that he was Prime Minister to Sheik Sultan of Debai, and, having taken out of his pocket notes worth £375, asking the superintendent to see that they were forwarded to the proper quarter. It was his bit of help towards winning the war.

The Brave Old Folk

HERE is an extract from a letter by an old lady of 70 who lives in the Dover area:

"Three more shells last night, but they didn't disturb us much. I do wish this bitter cold wind would drop."

During the heavy air-fighting last autumn this old lady saw many crashes, had her roof spattered with bullets, and one morning was within 200 yards of 40 high explosive bombs, but after six months in the front line she can write that shells "did not disturb her much!"

In another village a warden dashed from house to house to advise people to take cover as German bombers were being attacked overhead. He found a grandfather preparing to go

upstairs. The old man explained that he always had a nap after dinner, and did not propose changing his habits for Hitler.

Typical of the sturdy spirit of these old folk was the retort of an old labourer hoeing turnips while an aerial battle went on overhead. When his employer called to him to take cover, the old man rested for a moment and said: "We've got to get on with the job. I've been through two wars, an' I'm not giving in yet."

During Walsall's War Weapons Week an old man and his wife called at the savings centre and left a bag of 120 halfpennies they had saved. The old couple had been bombed out of their London home, and their only income is the old-age pension.

HERBERT MORRISON

We like this story of Herbert Morrison, Junior.

A boy in his teens, he applied for a post and was interviewed. Your name, asked the clerk.

"Morrison, sir," replied the boy. "Herbert Morrison."

The clerk smiled. "Indeed? That's a well-known name."

The boy brightened and said, "It jolly well ought to be, sir; I've been delivering groceries in the town for nearly two years."

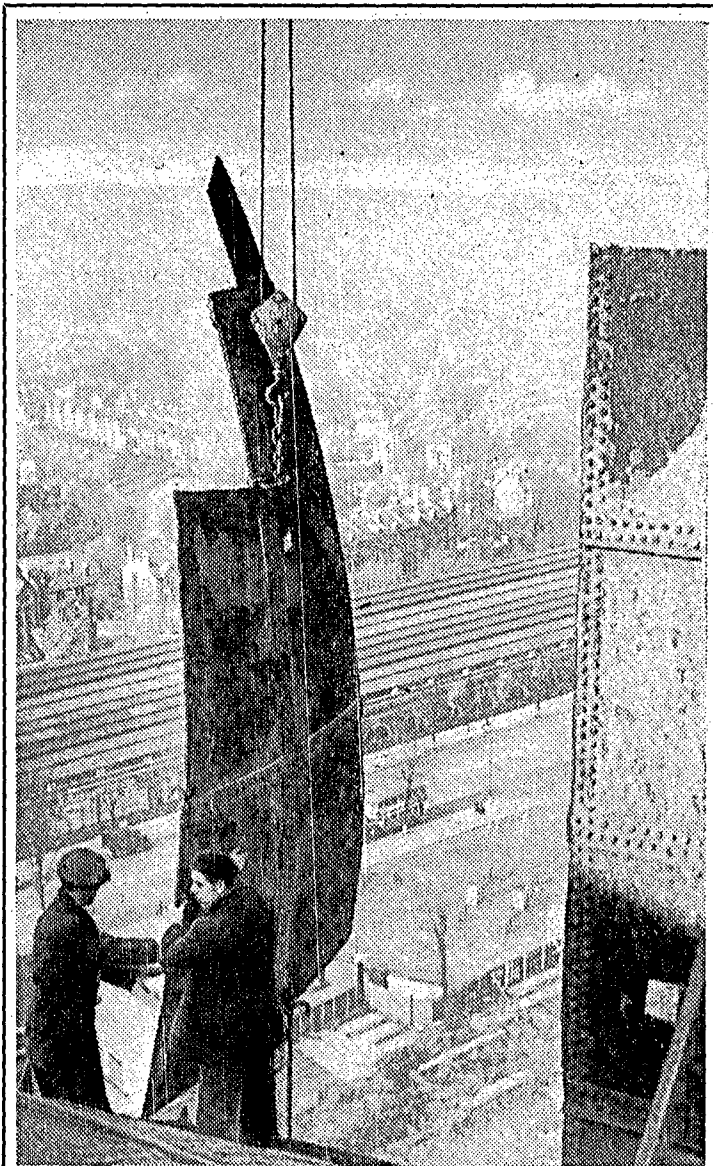
THIS KIND WORLD

An Englishwoman in Rhodesia who sent £25 to the Lifeboat Institution in gratitude for her safe voyage from England has now sent another £10, which she made in three months by selling homemade cakes.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S ALLOTMENT

Viscount Grey of Fallodon used to tell of the robins which grew so tame that they fed from the palm of his hand and made of his cap an animated bird-table. The robins in the garden of the C.N.'s Country Lad have not been as friendly as that during the coldest weather, though one of them would hop in at the window to help himself.

But now the three robins known to him have all dispersed in the acre of birch and hazel trees, and each has set up house in a territory of his own, where he whistles loudly all day to warn other birds that this is his allotment. It is only a third of an acre, but robin says plainly that trespassers will be prosecuted.



Famous Landmarks Go

The two great towers of the Crystal Palace have long been familiar landmarks in the London scene. Appearing somewhat isolated since the Palace itself was burned down in 1936, the towers are now being demolished, and it is hoped they will yield more than 1600 tons of scrap iron.

NURSE CARRIES ON

During a heavy raid on London a Nurses Home was destroyed by a direct hit. No one was hurt.

The next day the father of one of the nurses, hearing the news, wired to his daughter, "Pack everything and come home."

In reply Nurse wired, *Nothing left to pack; not coming.*

SWEETS OR BEER?

Smith Minor tells us that he is entirely of the same opinion as Lady Astor, who has suggested in Parliament that more sugar should be supplied to the confectionery trades and less to the brewers.

We can only tell Smith Minor that the Food Ministry has promised to consider the change.

The Youngsters Are Splendid

It has been reckoned that our Scouts are doing 165 different kinds of national service, and that 7600 Sea Scouts are also doing splendid work.

The Girl Guides and Rangers, 273,152 strong, are giving a fine account of themselves and over 40,000 Girls Life Brigade members are playing a full part in A.R.P. services. Nearly 100,000 members of the Boys Brigade include all manner of wartime helpers, and so do the 9000 Church Lads Brigaders.

An old Boy Scout has been awarded the V.C. as a seaman, and a Boys Brigader in the R.A.F. has also received the V.C.

Many members of the Boys Brigade have been decorated for bravery in air raids, and a Girl Guide earned the O.B.E. Medal for rescuing an airman from the sea.

THE ROCKET PLANE?

It seems that the day of the plane without propellers is possible, for the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics in America has already experimented with a rocket machine which has given highly satisfactory results.

Its principle is that a rapid series of violent explosions may be employed to propel a machine through the air at great speed. Cylinders four feet long and six inches wide are used. A chemical mixture is continuously exploded, the ejected gas giving the plane a forward thrust.

THE LEPER'S MITE

A piece of good news comes from Mr Donald Miller, the Secretary for the Mission to Lepers in India. In Cuttack, Orissa, he tells us, the patients of the Leper Home save money from their small allowance to pay for an entertainment once a year. Last summer, when Mr Miller visited this Home, he found that the greatly-looked-forward-to treat had been cancelled. "Why was this?" he asked. "Had they not saved up enough money?" Indeed they had, the Matron assured him, smiling proudly, but on hearing the appeal by the Governor of Orissa they decided to give up their annual dissipation and send the money to the War Fund.

THE STARLING ON THE STRENGTH

The house in which a number of men manning an east coast defence battery are billeted had a chimney set on fire the other day by the fall of a starling's nest, and the bird flew down the chimney into the orderly room.

Burnt and sooty, it battered itself against the window, but was skilfully tended, soon recovering from its alarming adventure; and now it is on the strength of the battery and has become its pet.

REINDEER TREK

Canada's plan to establish reindeer ranching in the Arctic for the benefit of the Eskimos has recently been carried a step farther.

The story began some years ago when a four-year trek was made with a big herd from Alaska to the Mackenzie River delta. From the Government reindeer station there a herd of 800 animals was sent in 1938 to be placed under Eskimo management. Now a second herd of 700 has just made a journey of 150 miles eastward to new grazing grounds in the Anderson River area. A camp was prepared last summer and the families of the herders and supplies were taken there by schooner, to await the arrival of the herd, which is to give the Eskimos a new interest in their desolate Arctic regions.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Surprising Conversion of a German

It will not be surprising to see many great changes in Germany in the next few years, but one change which has happened already must be regarded as a great surprise.

The notorious German Count Reventlow, who has long been one of the fiercest fanatics in the fight against Christianity, which he called upon the Germans to abandon, has apparently been converted from the folly of his ways, for he has now written that the disappearance or decline of Christianity would be a misfortune for the German people and do them irremediable harm, as "there is no substitute for those religious values expressed in the personality of Jesus."

To this we may perhaps add that the disappearance of Hitlerism is likely to be accomplished long before the disappearance of Christianity, which will continue as the guiding factor in human affairs when the Nazis are an ugly memory.

EIRE

Extract from the History of Freedom published in 1961:

WHEN all the civilised world was fighting for freedom, Ireland (Eire) was not there.

Prophetic Portrait

HE says, My rule is peace, so says

A thousand in the dead of night. Are you all happy now? he says, And those he leaves behind cry Quite.

He swears he will have no contention, And sets all nations by the ears; He shouts aloud No intervention! Invades, and drowns them all in tears. Walter Savage Landor

When Hitler Dies

How striking is the thought that the man who has flooded the world in tears by his life will cause not one tear when he dies. In all the civilised world not one record of the death of Hitler will begin with the familiar words *We regret to announce.*

MAN POWER

WE quote this advertisement from The Times as an example of the use of Man Power in 1941:

Second Footman required at once; four in family; 13 servants, including four in pantry. Apply Secretary . . .

The Conquering Scout

WE take the liberty of passing on this little sketch from The Scout's B-P Memorial Number. It is a drawing made



by the founder of the Scouts and expressing the spirit of the movement as no words can—a picture of a boy overcoming whatever is in his way.

The Emperor Comes

WE have come upon this old story of a man and a country that are much in the papers.

After the burial of Napoleon at St Helena all his household left the island and came back to Europe—all but one.

Never was Napoleon quite alone on his lonely island, for this one servant refused to leave, and for 19 years he remained there, daily guarding the solitary grave until the day came when it was opened again. Then the faithful servant came back with his master to Europe, and we may be sure that he was present in Paris on that great day when the dead conqueror made his silent entrance to the capital, and as the procession reached the Dome of the Invalides a chamberlain announced in a loud voice, *L'Empereur.*

Under the Editor's Table

ITALY is dropping English words out of its language. In future it will speak broken English.

THE lady chauffeur is turning into the lady gardener. Not, we hope, when she is driving.

EVACUATED London children are learning new arts. We should have thought they were artful enough.

LORD WOOLTON says our diet must be less luxurious. It is quite simple.

BEER is to be made weaker, but will, we understand, be just as nasty.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If March winds come to blows in wartime

WE understand that the car that bumped into a lorryload of eggs was running on Shell.

ROCKS are to be shorter, but will be worn longer.

SEWING bees are springing up; but has anyone seen a knitting wasp?

OPERA has come back. Its supporters say it will go.

THE Germans have taken everything in France. Except their hook.

GIVE weeds no quarter, says an enthusiastic gardener. Not half.

PEACE ALL THE TIME

WE met him in a little sea-side place of Wales, a sailor 74 years old. Very tidy he looked in his reefer jacket and peaked cap, his hands folded in his lap, his features rugged as the mountains round his home. By the way he looked and by what he said we shall remember him.

All but a little of his life at sea had been spent in sailing ships. Only five years were spent, as he said, "in steam," and to him they were as years that the locust hath eaten. We could forgive him his scorn of steam. He had traded, it seemed, in every port of Europe, and seen his share of trouble in many parts of the world. We talked of Brömen, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and all the ports in the news.

And then he said: "I do not read the newspapers. I do not listen to the bulletins. I do not like to go where people talk only of war. If I do none of these things it is like peace all the time, don't you see?"

At first we did not see. We thought he meant the sort of peace which blindly shuts out the world. But as he talked he showed that he did read just a little, and did listen now and then, and knew enough to make him sure and strong in a faith in his country that was as honest and rugged as his sea-worn face. The peace he meant came of that strength of mind which knows how to put the tyranny of everyday trials and worries in their place, and, listening to him, we thought how hard it is to do likewise, especially for those who shape events and whose daily task it is to deal with news.

Yet, hard though it is, the lesson must be learned. We can best win the war by having in our minds the great reserve that this sailor showed with his deep and certain faith in freedom.

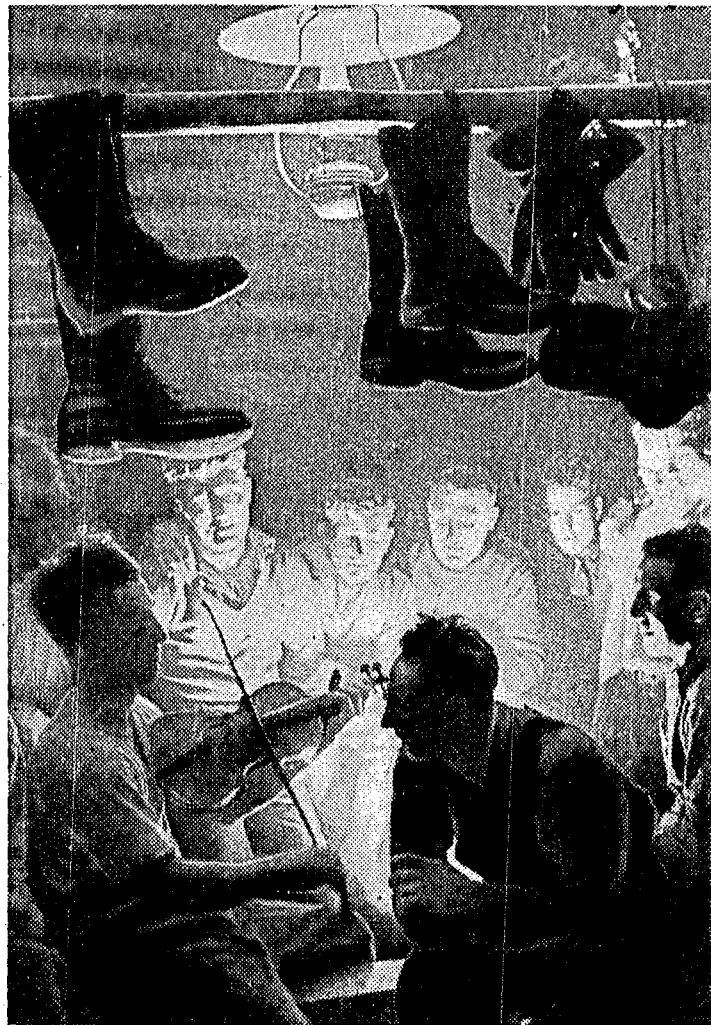
Our Happy Troops

AN odd little thing is to be noticed among the war news of the last few weeks. An attempt has been made to interest the public in providing the troops with friends who would write to them; they were to be known as Pen Pals of the soldiers, and 25,000 people were ready to write them cheerful letters. But only 100 soldiers have expressed a wish to reciprocate, and so the scheme has fallen through.

The moral seems to be what we should ourselves have expected—that in this war, at any rate, our soldiers are not miserable and lonely men wanting to be made cheerful. They are full of spirit and quite happy with their sense of what they are doing and their great belief in what they are going to do.

JUST AN IDEA

It is good to remember that the man who can keep his temper can keep anything.



Newfoundland Comes to Scotland

Lumberjacks from Newfoundland who have been felling trees in the Highlands enjoying a sing-song in their big log dining-hut at the end of a hard day's toil

The Poor Widow of Likoma

ONE more example of the remarkable loyalty of backward peoples to the British Empire comes to us from Likoma Island in Nyasaland.

There is a school for girls on the island, managed by the Universities Mission of Central Africa, and it is the teacher of this school who tells us of an old widow who has never earned more than a few shillings in a month, but has been for many years an Elder of the cathedral church on the island. She is also the leading member of the Mother's Union in her own village.

Not long ago this poor widow called at the Mission saying she wished to help the War Fund, and producing a dirty scrap of paper in which was wrapped up a Queen

Victoria half-sovereign, on which the queen's hair was fashioned like a bun, as on the familiar pennies.

The old lady explained that the welcome coin had been given to her by her godmother, who worked for the Mission for over thirty years, and she felt that it should now help to win the war.

This warm-hearted widow is Grace Chando, and almost every day she walks with her sister three miles to hear the news bulletin on the Mission wireless. They know no English, but an interpretation of the news is always given to them at the end of the bulletin.

The C.N. sends its greeting to the schoolgirls of Likoma, and wishes them all long and happy lives in the great days coming.

The Young Fiddler's Last Coin

NEARLY 20 years ago a young Hungarian fiddler was gazing dejectedly at the bright lights of Broadway. He had made a name for himself in Budapest and had gone to America to give a series of concerts. But on arriving there he found that his manager had gone bankrupt, and the young man was adrift in a strange city.

As he eyed the flickering lights he put his hand in his pocket and brought out his last coin, a nickel. Should he buy a cup of coffee, he debated, or use it for his fare home and pawn his clothes? Hunger won, and he went into the nearest café. He was sipping his coffee when a man

sat down at his table. He was carrying a bundle of music, and the two got into conversation. It turned out that they had met in Budapest! The young fiddler told of his desperate plight, and the other musician suggested that he should go to a big picture theatre just round the corner and interview the conductor of the orchestra. He did this, and was engaged straight away, only minutes after he had been looking at his last nickel.

Today the young man Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra who is heard over the wireless each week in millions of American homes.

Are There

Too Many Government Fingers in Our Pie?

SIR ERNEST BENN sends out from his Individualist Bookshop in Fleet Street a sixpenny pamphlet which set the Editor thinking of his front-page article this week. It is called *The Political Method*, and it examines the way in which politics comes into everything now.

We do fewer things for ourselves, and the Government does them for us, and does them often badly, Sir Ernest Benn would say. He is not really so much opposed to Government intervention as perhaps he himself imagines, for he believes in the Post Office, in free education, in the public control of transport. But he will carry a mighty multitude of people with him when he thunders against too much interference with trade. We think he would agree that the biggest single cause of the overturning of the world has been Tariffs, the strangling of world trade by the setting-up of high tariff walls over which no goods could pass.

Everlasting Interference

We are a nation of shopkeepers, as Napoleon said, and so is every nation, for without trade no country can live. Sir Ernest Benn's objection is to the everlasting interference of Government Departments with things they know nothing about. It has become so bad, he says, that no firm can carry on now without some means of regular contact with the Government.

We think there is a great deal in what this pamphlet says. We ourselves have seen tons of good apples rotting in our country lanes because of some Government regulation. We have seen great heaps of good potatoes thrown away and becoming an eyesore in the countryside because they would pass through a small ring or something of that sort. We know one of the most photographed villages near London which is now ugly with rubbish heaps because it has not occurred to these Government Departments that it is their business to remove them. Perhaps we have too many Departments doing things they need not do and too few doing things they should do.

Nobody's Business

We have millions of officials, and tens of thousands of them interfering in many ways with the free flow of trade, yet we have no Department to see that in a rich coal country the coal is not to the fireplace. We have no Department which was capable of dealing with the great sea of getting our children overseas to safety. We have no Department that could tackle vacation properly. It was nobody's business in the years before the war to see that the account would be necessary to devise for the people a good cheap blacking-out material which would save them from the swindling they were subjected to in this matter. If we are to be governed by officials it would seem worth while to let them concentrate on things that matter instead of

choking the channels of trade with regulations and quotas and tariffs and subsidies and what-nots.

Sir Ernest Benn appears to think that our public men are too much like the ridiculous Hollywood filmsters looking for parts; a politician who was Minister of Education last year may be President of the Board of Trade this; or last year's Minister of Transport may be Secretary to the Treasury this. For no good reason in the world we put our round pegs in square holes, and continually change the heads of our Departments. It is not Democracy, says Sir Ernest Benn, but Bureaucracy, and it means that all too often men without any knowledge of it are put in charge of some important business.

We know case after case in which it was so in the last war. We know of university men knowing nothing of drainage who went up into Yorkshire and contradicted the best drainers of land in that county, wasting thousands of pounds of public money, and by this shameful waste setting the farmers by the ears so that today they are dead against all these necessary drainage schemes. It is bureaucracy that has made them so—the busybody interference by ignorant men in black coats and motor-cars sent down to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of country folk who know their business. We know a simple countryman who was willing to do a piece of drainage work for a reasonable sum but was persuaded to charge more, and lived for the rest of his life on the profit the bureaucracy insisted on his taking.

When Peace Comes Back

We agree with Sir Ernest Benn that all this should stop and that we are much over-governed, though life is perhaps too complicated a business in these days to get out of our interfering ways. We must all learn to be better individuals; no doubt, and in that sense we are Individualists; but we are all part of the nation and cannot get out of it, and in that sense we must be Socialists.

To those who would like to think about this perplexing problem we commend this sixpenny pamphlet, which can be bought at 25 copies for six shillings, or even cheaper still. It is one of the questions we shall have to think about when Peace comes back and we are making a safer and a saner world.

MR POTATO

Our appeal to the Ministry of Food to teach us how to cook potatoes has not gone unheard. The Ministry is publishing in the daily newspapers many excellent recipes for turning potatoes into palatable dishes.

We have plenty of potatoes, and they may be called the second staff of life. We have to reconcile ourselves to less meat for the present, and the potato is a splendid way out.

SPRING IS HERE

And Spring is here.
God made the Spring
And you and me
And every blossom on the tree;
He made the little birds to sing—
For God is near.

Yes, Spring is here.
The fields are green
With Nature's dress;
The flowers reveal the sun's
caress,
God paints His beauty on the
screen
In colours clear.

Now Spring is here,
And England holds
Her foes at bay.
Be this our pledge, that, come
what may,
We'll ever fight for what enfolds
Our Freedom dear.

Canon W. T. Money

The Evening With Its Lamp

THIS life is but the cradle of the other. Of what importance, then, are illness, time, old age, and death? They are but different stages in a transformation that doubtless has only its beginning here below. The evening of life comes bearing its own lamp.

Joseph Joubert

From the Kind Heart of William Blake

HE who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth
nigh.

WHAT HITLER KNEW

IN Germany there was a man who wanted to turn the world upside-down and rule it in his own way. When they imprisoned him he wrote a book to say how he would do it. He would rely on the indifference of the great masses of the people. He had put his finger on what is the greatest single obstacle to progress in the world.

Arthur Mee in "Nineteen-Forty"

She Stands Undaunted

PEACE stands undaunted at the
Gates of Doom.
Above its chaos and its threaten-
ing gloom
She cries aloud, On, Britain, On!
Let this truth make you strong:
*God is the Author of your clarion
song!*

Egbert Sandford

THE TRUTH

SEEK the truth, hear the truth,
Learn the truth, speak the
truth, keep the truth, defend the
truth until death.

John Huss



CARRY ON

BE OF GOOD HOPE

When Goethe wrote that Hope is dawn perceived in a night storm he had caught a glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven. Nothing is more comforting than the importance the Bible gives to Hope. We give here some of its sayings about it.

WE are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

Romans

Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.

Romans

For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that plougheth should plough in hope.

Corinthians

There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again; and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Job

The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing-in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh unto God.

Hebrews

By two immutable things we might have a strong consolation: to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.

Hebrews

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish.

Proverbs

To him that is joined to all the living there is hope, for a living dog is better than a dead lion.

Ecclesiastes

What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul? Job

God saveth the poor from the sword, and from the hand of the mighty. So the poor hath hope.

Job

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

Psalms

Gird up the loins of your mind; be sober; and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you.

Peter

Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.

Peter

The heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of his people.

Joel

WHEN BRITAIN ROSE, MAJESTIC AND SUBLIME

The matchless power of the Islands marches on to free a hundred million slaves. This is how Charles Mackay wrote of the abolition of slavery in our own possessions long ago.

GRAND and auspicious was that happy time
When Britain rose, majestic and sublime;
Armed with the strength that only arms the just,
The light of Truth flashed from her eyes august;
Wide o'er the earth her mighty hands she spread,
While rays of glory beamed about her head—

The listless nations started and awoke,
As with loud voice the cheering words she spoke:
No more (she cried), no more, thou teeming earth,

For me or mine, shalt thou to slaves give birth;
No more for me shall helots till the soil,
Stripes their reward, and pain and hopeless toil;
No more shall slaves produce vile wealth for me,
Joy! Africa, joy! thy swarthy sons are free!
Hear, all ye nations! hear the voice of truth,
And wake to pity and redeeming ruth;
The wealth is cursed that springs from human woe,
And he who trades in men is Britain's foe;
Freedom, God's gift, was kindly meant for all—
Earth, as she heard the loud majestic voice,
Shouted reply, and bade her sons rejoice.



Caerphilly Castle in Glamorganshire is one of the most picturesque of the many castles in Wales. It was built in the 13th century, and later came into the possession of the Despencers, favourites of Edward the Second who sought temporary refuge within its walls.

The Rabbi and the Bombs

DR ISRAEL MATTUCK, Rabbi of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue in St John's Wood, has something worth repeating to say in one of his more recent weekly letters to his congregation.

All religious institutions, he points out, need the utmost strength now, not for their own sake but for the greater purposes they serve. Dr Mattuck's aim has always been close collaboration with every other religious community, not in social service alone but in religious service. The differences between the Churches, say the Liberal Jews, are negligible compared with the importance of the work we can do together.

So now, the censor at last permitting, he can tell the story of what his Synagogue had to suffer from Hitler's blitzkrieg:

"First there were a few incendiaries which caused slight

damage. Then came an unexploded bomb which buried itself in the terrace in front of the Synagogue, with the usual consequence that we were kept out of the building for several days, including part of a Festival. Then came the bomb which destroyed a large part of the Synagogue.

"The right answer to all these was shown by the squad which removed the unexploded bomb. Though the danger was such that the street was closed for a time, the men removing the bomb went on digging for it as calmly as if it were only the root of a tree."

Rabbi Mattuck seems to have found a good and sufficient answer to the enemies of Britain and the persecutors of Jews all over the world. It is the answer which will bring Adolf Hitler and all he stands for to the proper end.

The Children's Museum

EVERY day in the year 1000 American boys and girls flock through the doors of the Brooklyn Children's Museum.

It was the first Children's Museum in the world, and since it came into being 40 years ago it has opened a new world to the city child who knows only man-made things. He has a chance here of exploring the wonders of the natural world, of rocks, earth, plants, and animals. All the rooms are arranged as playrooms, where the boys and girls are made to feel as much at home as possible. Almost all the exhibits are

meant to be handled, and underneath each case of specimens are drawers with separate specimens which can be picked up and examined.

The child in this museum does not get bored with seeing things, for he can do things as well. He can model in clay or carve in wood, look through a microscope, make a colour relief map, or tend a garden; and children are even allowed to borrow an exhibit and take it home or to school.

There is only one rule that must be kept in the museum—Clean Hands.

LEARNING TO TALK

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Is it better to be talkative or to be silent?

Man. The commonsense answer to that question is: that the wise man is neither talkative nor silent! To talk of what we know, to talk kindly and cheerfully, is to help ourselves and others. To prattle merely to hear the sound of our own voice is to annoy others and to lose their attention. To be silent is to deprive ourselves of the priceless power of expression.

Boy. I am glad you mentioned expression, for I often find myself unable to express my meaning.

Man. To use speech effectively is a great gift, which can only be cultivated by frequent and thoughtful use. Silence can become a bad habit which robs us of communication with our fellows, and by which we lose precious information and associations. The counsel I give you is to practise both writing and speaking. Try to express yourself in clear language and do not say things so clumsily that you find yourself driven to such expressions as "What I mean is..."

Boy. I wish they would tell us more about that at school!

Man. I wish so, too. Our educational system too often omits schooling in expression, and the boy who does not learn how to express himself is handicapped in life. Unless you can properly tell what you want to say you are robbed of power and your faculties are frustrated. Do not believe too much in the "strong silent man."

Boy. I should love to be able to use words as the Prime Minister does. He seems to give them life!

Man. The Prime Minister has unusual gifts, but he has most carefully cultivated what Nature bestowed upon him. He even had to beat down a natural infirmity, for as a young man he had trouble with the letter S, uttering it with an "ish," which sounded rather queerly. This he has conquered, and while he did so he became a student of history—and of the good words without which history cannot be either written or made. That is why he uses them with such precision and force. If he were quite as clever, but had not acquired the art of noble speech, he would not have become a leader of men. He is an object-lesson for a boy who wants to learn to express himself. Read his speeches to yourself, and then read them aloud, weighing their meaning and their forceful expression.

Boy. And then, I suppose, I shall only need a head full of brains and I can become a Prime Minister!

Man. That is good! Express yourself like that, with a spice of humour, and people will listen. Thought is none the less profound, when dressed in gaiety. Once more to refer to Mr Churchill, how often he introduces a sparkling quip into the speeches of great occasions! And if I may give you another piece of advice, it is this: Learn not only to talk, but to listen.

A School Memory

More than twenty years ago Gunner James Wait was killed in action, and every year on November 11 the headmaster of Crookesmoor Council School, Sheffield, received a 5s postal order from Gunner Wait's mother, to buy chrysanthemums for the school war memorial. This year there will be no postal order, for Mrs Wait passed on the other day; but the memory of her son will never be forgotten, for instead of the annual 5s Mrs Wait has left £400 to send a Crookesmoor boy to a secondary school or university.

Mrs Izzard's Quilt Is Finished

THIS is a famous year for Mrs. George Izzard of Mulvihill, Manitoba, for she has just sewn the last stitch in her prize quilt.

She started it half a century ago in her cottage in Crowland, Lincolnshire. It was to be a cradle quilt and was made with pieces of her children's pinafores.

When the Izzards migrated to Canada in 1908 the quilt went with them, but in those pioneering days Mrs Izzard had not much time to work at it, as she was busy running the home and sewing for her six little ones. Only when her family grew up

and got married had she time to get on with the quilt, and then she decided to make it into a crib quilt for a grandchild. She had boxes full of prints and gingham which she had collected all her life, and the other day, when the quilt was finished on her 77th birthday, it was truly a wonderful piece of needlework.

All done by hand, this quilt is made of over 5000 small pieces, each in the shape of a diamond, and quilted one way between each row of diamonds. It measures eight feet by six.

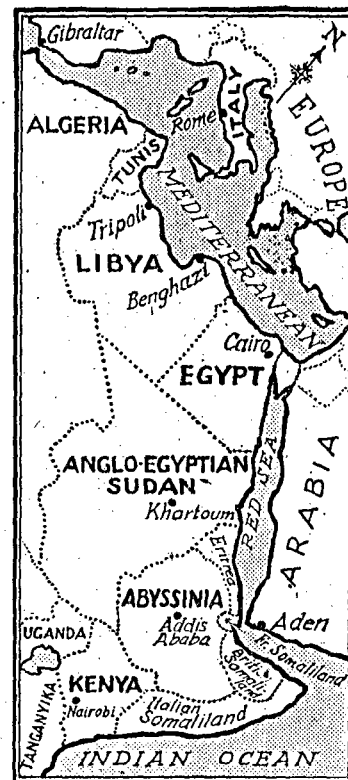
A KIND WORD FROM A ZOO

We are glad to see this paragraph of human kindness in the monthly chronicle of the Chester Zoo.

Most African Grey Parrots in this country, I regret to say, are confined to a prison cage which does not even permit the stretching of the wings, and it speaks volumes for the bird's adaptabilities when one sees it so confined cheerfully whistling and imitating various sounds. Anyone who keeps such a bird should allow it to have at least several hours' freedom in a room; but to obtain the greatest pleasure from these birds they should be given a large aviary where they can fly about and indulge in the antics they perform in the wild.

The Old Man at the Loom

A Nottingham firm recently received from America an order for a dozen pairs of socks of a pattern so intricate that only an old-fashioned hand-loom could make them, and the only framemaker they could find to undertake the task was an old man of 91.



The War Zone in Africa

Wanted, Jolly Watermen

WE have some fine canals in Britain, and some very efficient barges. There are numerous cargoes awaiting transport, too, but we are seriously short of barges. So canals are quiet, barges are laid up, and cargoes lying by, all because people do not seem attracted to a life afloat.

Yet it is a good life, especially for war-worn nerves; wages are good; no rates to find; and, best of all, it is a family job. While father and the boys tend

the engine, mother and the girls cook the meals and serve them in the cosy cabin, where a wireless set can keep them all in touch with events. Even father, mother, and one member of the family can run a pair of barges (carrying 50 tons) and earn about £9 a week.

Why not get in touch with the Ministry of Labour, which is considering a school for barges at Kings Langley, where the family will be taught to steer, and pass, and cook, and care for engines?

Russia's Greenwich

THE famous observatory of Pulkova, Russia's Greenwich, is to have a rival in the clearer air of the Crimea.

Built in 1839 by Tsar Nicholas, Pulkova Observatory is situated on a mountain ridge ten miles south of Leningrad and has often been employed as the meridian by Russian makers of maps. In its earliest days it was famous for its 15-inch refracting telescope, and in 1885 Alvan Clark, the American who made the famous telescopes for the Lick and Yerkes Observatories, made a 30-inch instrument for Pulkova.

The new observatory in the Crimea is being built at a height

of 2300 feet above the little town of Topla in the east of the peninsula, and a laboratory, workshops, and quarters for the staff in the town itself.

A telescope for the continuous photography of the heavens during the night has already been made, 125 persons having been working on it for five years, and the new 32-inch refractor telescope will be the biggest in Russia.

In the calm and clear air of the Crimea and with the absence of snowy nights Russian astronomers will be able to study the heavens under much more favourable conditions than in the past.

12 THINGS SAID

Perhaps it may interest our readers to have together these Twelve Sayings of the War.

LET us go forward as one man, a smile on our lips and our heads held high.

The King

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

The Prime Minister

Let us so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years men will say, *This was their finest hour.*

Mr Churchill

Go to It

Stay Put and Stick It

Be careful what you say and where you say it

Take Cover

Up, Housewives, and at 'em

We must produce the maximum and consume the minimum

Careless Talk Costs Lives

Keep a Lookout in the Blackout

The Navy's Here!

THINGS ARE CHANGING IN THE SCILLIES

After sixty years the gardens of the Scilly Isles are changing their main crop, from fragrant spring and summer flowers to the plain but precious potato. In normal seasons hundreds of tons of flowers are shipped to the mainland; but now the growers have been asked for 1000 tons of potatoes to reach the markets before the end of June.

We shall miss the lovely daffodil, the violet, and the narcissus, but shall be glad to think of food being grown in those sunny fields with their dazzling hedges of euonymus, escallonia, and fuchsia, often within reach of the flying spray.

Are Soldiers' Families Properly Fed?

At the Edinburgh branch of the Children's Nutrition Council Sir Robert Greig, formerly Secretary to the Scottish Department of Agriculture, asserted that large families of soldiers are not properly fed.

The allowances are as follows: Wives of soldiers get an allowance of 25s a week, being 7s deducted from the husband's pay and 18s from the War Office. In addition, for the first child the allowance is an extra 7s 6d, for the second 5s 6d, and for each additional child 4s. Therefore a soldier's wife with four children receives 46s a week.

USA & Its Red Men

The United States has just made its 146th annual payment of six yards of calico and ten yards of muslin to each of the Red Indians of the Iroquois Confederacy, in accordance with a treaty signed in 1794. The payment was handed to the chiefs of the six nations forming the Confederacy.

Abraham Lincoln of the English-Speaking Race

KING in the hearts of his people was Abraham Lincoln, and king of men among all who speak our mother tongue. No man born on American soil has stirred the hearts of the multitude on both sides of the Atlantic as this man did—and does. He is not dead, for his spirit lives and thrills men everywhere. Now we remember that it was in this month in 1865 that he proclaimed to his countrymen the deep moral meaning of the Civil War, as Mr Roosevelt, who sits in his chair, proclaims the deep moral meaning of this war.

We like to think that Lincoln stands at Westminster looking across to the Abbey and to Parliament. He stands nobly in the two governing capitals of the English-speaking peoples, the only man whom Time has tested and set with equal pride in the life of both great branches of our race.

In Washington he has a noble shrine, in line with the Capitol and the Washington Column, and there for all time will come the pilgrimage of those to whom the spirit of Lincoln is as a mighty wind from the abode where the Eternal is. In London he stands not less proudly in our most sacred square, by the cradle of free Parliaments and in the presence of the spirits of our greatest men.

A Strong, Simple Man

At his back is a chair. It seems that he has just risen from it, and is about to address mankind, but, before speaking, would still ponder in his soul what he has long had in his mind. There is nothing heroic or vainglorious in his posture. The shoulders are not flung back, the head is not jerked up, the right arm is not raised in imprecation. He would

cut a poor figure before a crowd in Trafalgar Square.

Evidently this man has suffered. Evidently he has thought deeply. Evidently he is conscious of a tremendous responsibility. The shoulders are bowed; the head hangs somewhat heavily; a tired hand grasps the lapel of his coat. He will speak, but with none of the facility of the cheap-jack. When he opens his lips the words will come slowly and laboriously, each carrying a great significance, the whole utterance making for the grandeur of the human race.

All Eyes on Napoleon

He was born in 1809. Napoleon was then terrifying Europe. Washington had been dead ten years. America was a vast continent peopled largely by English emigrants who were absorbed in their petty politics. The eyes of all men were fixed on Napoleon, including the eyes of Nelson. France was dazzling the world. The kings of Europe trembled.

In that year of 1809 there were also born three men whose names are for ever written on the stones of Westminster Abbey—Darwin, Tennyson, Gladstone. They grew up here in comfort and refinement, reaching each a glory different from the other, but a glory that is one with the greatness of mankind.

Across the sea Abraham Lincoln grew up in poverty, sorrow, and hardship. He was born in a roughly-built hut 14 feet square with no other floor than the beaten earth, and the unglazed windows of a cattle-shed. Boards covered with leaves and old quilts made a bed.

At eight years old Lincoln was helping to cut a path through

a forest. At that same age he lost his mother. Later a stepmother took him to her heart and encouraged him to cultivate his mind. Those who remembered the youth of Lincoln speak of "his exceeding kindness and gentleness; of his delight in helping others, and of his tender care for all beings in distress." He hated cruelty and could never be induced to shoot anything. He was stirred to rage by injustice or wrong. One day he saw a slave being sold by auction.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "let's get away from this." And then he added, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard." He became a lawyer. For years he lived an obscure life, doing his duty, thinking hard.

Then the controversies about slavery, the separation between North and South, forced him into public life, and almost at a bound he became the hero of his nation. Men recognised at once the utterances of an honest soul. Even the trained reporters laid down their pencils when he spoke, and with the whole assemblage "rose from their chairs with pale faces and quivering lips and pressed unconsciously towards him."

When Lincoln Lay Dead

Such was the effect of simple words uttered by one who felt deeply, loved righteousness, and abominated all cruelty and injustice. He was hated, opposed, attacked; but he came to be the President of the United States. He created a mighty nation.

Can we wonder that all over the earth men can hardly read without tears these noble verses which Walt Whitman wrote on the night when Lincoln lay dead—dead at the hands of an assassin at the end of the war which set slaves free?

O Captain! my Captain! Our fearful trip is done; The ship has weathered every rack,



Abraham Lincoln looks out at the Abbey from Parliament Square

The prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear,
The people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel,
The vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! Rise up
and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—
For you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned
wreaths,
For you the shore's a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass,
Their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his
lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm,
He has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound,
Its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship
Comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Time has set him up in the great places of Washington and London. Who will not raise his hat and pause a moment in passing his splendid statue looking on the Abbey?

An Evacuee of Long Ago

READING of the popularity of evacuee children in their country homes, and of the affection of the little visitors for their kindly hosts, we cannot but contrast the situation with that in which a famous evacuee, Sir H. M. Stanley, found himself nearly a century ago.

Fatherless, he was committed to the care of two heartless uncles who boarded him out at half-a-crown a week. His appetite proving too costly for his hostess, he was beguiled away by one of the wicked uncles and, on the pretext that he was being taken to loving relatives, was shut up in the workhouse, where a savage schoolmaster was the tyrant of his early years.

In the story of his life Stanley left us a picture which makes the tortures suffered by Oliver Twist seem comparatively mild. Hard fare, hard work, topped by the brutality of the master, left an impression on the mind of Stanley which endured to his dying day.

Yet from that pitiful atmosphere there emerged, as he tells us, a wealthy merchant, a vicar, a distinguished Colonial lawyer, and a famous South African statesman; while he himself, of course, shares the glory of Livingstone in the opening up of Darkest Africa. Our evacuees know no such sorrows as his, but they may find inspiration in his example—as a model of good courage.

THE OLD BARN ALIVE AGAIN

THE fine old barns which are so delightful a feature of our countryside have taken on a new lease of life. Never again will they be neglected.

Many of them were left to moulder beside empty farm-houses in the bad days of agriculture between the last war and this, but the empty farm-houses have now been rented by folk from town who live in them and use them for business purposes. And very useful they are—with the barns more useful than ever.

Even years of neglect have not sufficed to ruin these grand old structures, built three, four, and even five centuries ago by devoted craftsmen who had no conception of the jerry-builder's ways. Today they make splendid dining-rooms for the guest-houses of Surrey and Sussex in which so many busy Londoners have made their homes. Some have been turned into antique furniture stores (an ideal purpose, anyway).

Other barns, we hear, are being bought up by car-speculators who are laying up supplies of secondhand cars in good condition ready for the Peace, when there will be hundreds of thousands of eager motorists aching to use the roads again, but unable to buy new cars.

These barns have been made dry and warm by the use of oil stoves, but they are just a trifle draughty still. But for that small drawback they would long since have been converted into sleeping-quarters. The builder who invents a satisfactory method of preventing the draughts in a spacious 15th-century barn will get a crowd of good customers.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

It is the constipated child who falls an easy prey to infectious diseases. Constipation turns his body into a breeding ground for germs. Colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints are then easily caught, and all the time the child is constipated these complaints are getting a firmer grip. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act regularly. But, whatever you do, don't use a strong purgative that will act violently once or twice and then leave the bowels more bound than before.

The laxative most favoured and recommended by doctors and nurses is 'California Syrup of Figs.' They prefer it because they know it is safe and because, being a liquid laxative, the dose can be measured to a nicety to suit a child's system. And where can you find another laxative so natural and so safe as this delicious compound of sun-ripened figs? 'California Syrup of Figs' starts a natural movement which relieves the system of all the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail.

A weekly dose will ward off further attacks and children love the fruity flavour.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative today and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

BEDTIME CORNER

Leslie's Picture

LESLIE was having a lovely morning with her box of paints.

"Mummy," she cried, "where can I find some more paper?"

"On Daddy's desk, darling," said Mummy, who was busy cutting out a new frock.

Leslie ran across to the big flat desk by the window and looked for the writing-pad that was usually kept there. There were lots of pens and pencils, and rulers and bottles of ink, but no pad. With a sigh Leslie pulled open the long drawer where Daddy kept his maps—those maps which he drew so beautifully for the papers—and took out a sheet of thick paper.

The very thing! Leslie carried it over to her corner of the dining-room table, and soon it was covered all over with splashes of gay colour.

"Hallo!" cried a voice from the door. "What's the picture going to be?"

"A-a little girl in a party frock," answered Leslie, holding it out.

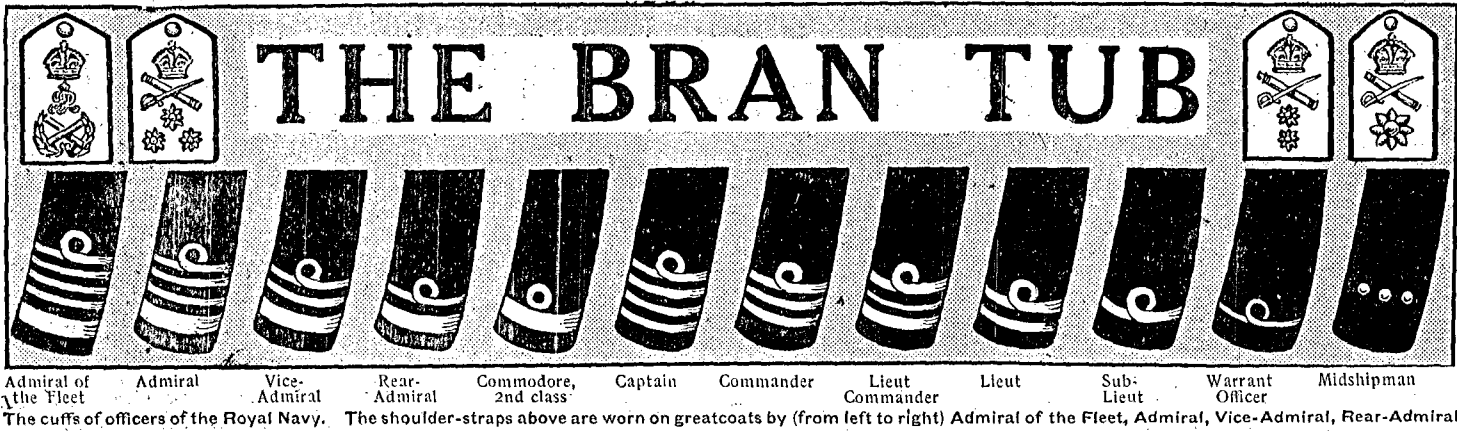


taking it from her and turning it over.

The paper was wet, and some of the paint had soaked right through to the back.

"Oh, Daddy!" moaned Leslie. "Your beautiful map! Will you have to do it again?"

"I'm afraid so," Daddy said. "But never mind," he added quickly, seeing the tears were not far away. "If I get tired the sight of the party frock will cheer me up."



GOING UP

AN old lady from the country had just arrived at a hotel in London.

"I absolutely refuse to have this room," she protested to the pageboy who was conducting her. "I suppose you think that because I'm not used to hotels I will sleep in a tiny little room with a folding bed. Now, just you go and—"

"Kindly step in, madam," interrupted the boy. "This is the lift."

My Little Brother

Who spoils my things, who tears my book,
Who breaks my doll, inside to look?
My brother.

Who pulls my hair and pinches me?
Who hits me, and then laughs with glee?
My brother.

And who knocks down the stately tower
In building which I spent an hour?
My brother.

And if I read a story gay,
Who spoils it with his cry of "Play"?

My brother,
If Mummy sweets or cakes can spare,
Who always takes the biggest share?
My brother.

"A very naughty boy," you fear,
Oh, no! He's just a perfect dear—
My brother!

How Gainsborough Wrote His Name
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was one of England's greatest painters of portraits and landscapes. He was one of the founders of the Royal Academy, but left it when one of his pictures was badly hung. He was fond of the society of musicians, and himself performed on several instruments. Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in 1727 and died in 1788. This is how he wrote his name:

Thos Gainsborough

A Rich Man's Ten Rules

Mr Otto Kahn, the rich American banker who was thirty years in Wall Street, gave these ten rules of conduct to his son:

1. Eliminate from your vocabulary, especially during working hours, the word carelessness. Every task is a task and must be carried out as such.
2. Remember that the most useful recommendation is a reputation.
3. Think. Exercise your mind as you do your body.
4. Make your imagination work from time to time.
5. Be ready, prepared, patient, and seize your opportunities at the right moment.
6. Consider kindness to others as a necessary part of your rule of life.
7. Work hard, do not spare yourself; do not be the eight-hour man.
8. Take an interest and a share in public life.
9. Trust your comrades.
10. Remember that all success demands its counterpart in energy.

TAKE CARE

ONCE there was a naughty germ,
That had no place to go;
But soon it found a hollow tooth
And there began to grow.

Opposite the Little Shop

THE story is told of a Canadian in London inquiring of a bus conductor the way to the Houses of Parliament, and receiving this answer:

"Well, you're nearly there. At the top of this street just round the corner there's a little tobacco shop; opposite there."

CHANGED LETTERS

I AM a flower made up of four letters. Change my first, and I am an article of clothing; change my second, and I am a verb meaning to get up; change my third, and I am a thick cord; change my last, and I am a Scottish county. Answer next week

Daffy-Down-Dilly

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

"DRIP, drip, drip," sang the water
As an icicle met with the sun.
"Drip, drip, drip; I'm escaping.
The door of my prison's undone."
"Drip, drip, drip," sang the captive;
"I'll wander away from this tree,
Down the hill, through the vale,
to the river,
And on to my home in the sea."

Luncheon For Seven

SEVEN men were in the habit of lunching at a certain restaurant at regular intervals. The first man visited the place every day, the second every second day, the third every third day, the fourth every fourth day, and so on.

Noticing this peculiarity, the proprietor promised that he would give a free lunch to the seven men on the day they all arrived together. They continued their regular visits, until the day came when all seven met at the restaurant.

When was this? Answer next week

HEAR! HEAR!

By the sea, whereabouts I've no notion,
The crabs raised a dreadful commotion;
They were clapping their claws
In excited applause
Because they approved of the ocean.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-west. In the morning Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 18.

An Exchange of Heads

TWO birds were talking one fine day
About each other's names.
The one cried out: "Now come, let's play
At little children's games."

"Done!" cried the other. "But I've no head
For puzzles, you'll agree;
Give me your head, and have instead
The head that owneth me."

The first agreed, and his name sable
Part of a ship became!
The other was a vegetable,
And neither knew his name!

What were the birds?

Answer next week

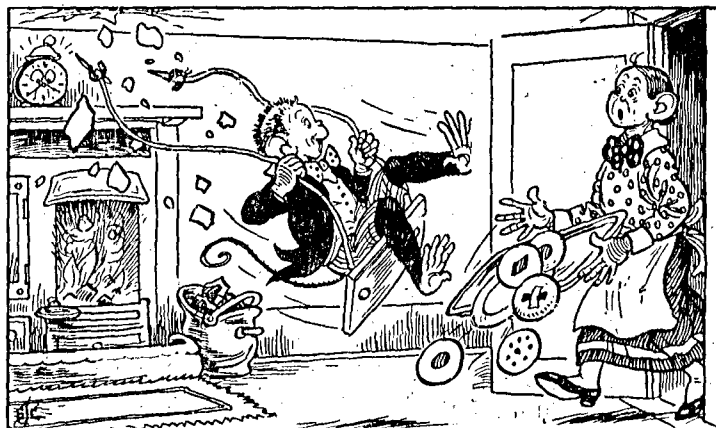
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Am I?
View, vie, vi, viii
Arithmetical Problem
If half of two were three, a quarter of twenty would be fifteen.

HOD POWER
ABET SOYA
PEER OAT
PYRAMIDS
Y DORSA
PREPARED
IRE TOAD
NEAR ELSE
NYMPH LED

Divided Word. Be-am

Jacko On the Air



ONE wet day Jacko had a fine time swinging from two hooks in the kitchen ceiling. He was so quiet that his mother popped her head in to see what he was up to. She nearly got a flying kick for her pains, and the cakes for tea were scattered on the floor!

CAUGHT

THE whale was lashing furiously;
He splashed and lashed, but, curiously,
His captors kept afloat.
It really must have hurt his pride
To find, however hard he tried,
He couldn't swamp their boat.

"My day is done," he cried in pain.
"The good old times won't come again
When I ruled all the sea;
For whalers come and whalers go,
I've watched them sailing to and fro,
And now they've done for me!"

A Gentle Reminder

THE proprietor of a garage, annoyed by the carelessness of some of his customers, put up this notice on his petrol pump:

Do not smoke near this pump.
Your life may not be worth anything, but petrol is expensive.

Do You Live In Nantwich?

NANT is from a Welsh word meaning stream, and wich is the Old English wic, a village, so that Nantwich means the village by the stream.

Ici on Parle Français

A Bird Calls For Help

A reader sends the following account of what he regards as a bird's appeal for human help.

While cycling I heard a bird screaming, and, turning, saw a blackbird fluttering across the road.

As I approached the spot it flew toward me, fluttering in my face, but I passed on. Still I saw it screaming and fluttering in the same place. Then I went back, and the bird again flew round me, as if to attract my attention.

I now saw the trail of a snake in the road.

The bird fluttered round me with loud cries till I killed the snake. Then it flew into the hedge opposite, where I found its nest with five young ones in it.

Un Oiseau Appelle au Secours

Un lecteur nous envoie un récit sur ce qu'il croit être un oiseau appelant l'homme à son secours.

En me promenant à bicyclette j'entendis un oiseau jetant des cris perçants, et, en me retournant, j'aperçus un merle qui voletait d'un côté de la route à l'autre. J'approchai de l'endroit et il vola à ma rencontre, me frôlant le visage, mais je passai outre. Malgré cela il continua à jeter ses cris et à voler au même endroit. Je rebroussai chemin, et l'oiseau se mit de nouveau à voler autour de moi, comme pour attirer mon attention.

J'aperçus alors la trace d'un serpent sur la route. L'oiseau vola autour de moi en criant jusqu'à ce que j'eusse tué le serpent. Alors il s'envola dans la haie en face, où je trouvais son nid contenant cinq oisillons.

Wonders of Animal Life

23. The Bee That Builds a House

The mason bee is a skilled bricklayer. Having decided on a site for her nursery, she selects her building material, carefully choosing grains of sand, and from these making her bricks by gluing grains together with a sticky substance from her mouth. Then she transports the bricks to the building site and, cementing a number of them together, forms a foundation. On this foundation she runs up the walls of a thimble-shaped cell, an inch long and half an inch across. She now fills the cell with pollen and honey and works these into a paste, on which she lays an egg. She then builds a roof across the nest. When the egg hatches out there is plenty of food for the youngster, which thrives and grows, and eventually cuts its way out of the nest.

24. The Fish That Rides With the Shark

The remora, or sucking fish, is one of the queerest fish in the sea. On its head is a plate-like disc which holds fast to whatever it touches, the water between the plate and the object being in some way forced out, and a vacuum created. The remora goes under a shark, attaches itself to the shark's body, and is then carried along through the water. If anything happens to the shark the remora drops off and escapes. Generally it attaches itself near the shark's mouth, desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from the rich shark's table.

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere in two sizes. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.